



Convalescent Camp

W.S. Barracks New Orleans Sept 16th

Dear Mother

I received your very kind letter of Aug 23^d and was very glad to hear from you. You sent me some diarrhea I am very happy to say that I have no use for it at present but will keep it ~~in case~~ for I may have use for it.

I have ^{been} unwell for about a week. I was taken with a severe headache which lasted for about four days and nights I would have a very high fever I supposed that I was a going to have the typhoid fever but it has turned out to be the Fever & Ague

I have had three shakes
they come on about 4 o'clock
in the after-noon and last
still about 9.

The Regt has got back again
they went Sabine pass ^{Louis.} with
to take a fort that the
Rebs have there. but was very
~~unsuccessful~~ unsuccessful for
they lost two Gun boats & lost
them both one of them
was the Clifton was
a very good boat
the other was the
Sachem was not of
much account.

They come back ^{and} camped in
~~after~~ Algiers. but have
gone again to Brashear
and I hear the they
have crossed the bay
and going up the Teche

there has a large army
up there this time. they say
there is 5-5000 a good many
of them are from ~~your~~
Grant's army. our brigade
is the reserve brigade of
Weitzel's division.

Harrison sent over to me
yours & Father's photographs
day before yesterday before
he left Algiers I think Father
grows old very fast. Seems to me
that he looks 10 years older than
he did a year ago.

I can't see as you have ^{altered}
much only I think you
look a little flatter than you
used to. all those that were
drafted will pay their 300 I
suppose Orville Robinson will
of course I wish he
was obliged to come

When I wrote you
before I told you that
that my boots were so
small but since my feet
have got well I think I
can wear them I did not
think my feet were swollen
you speak of sending some
more things by Horner when
he comes if he has not started
when you get this you
need not send any more
for we have got every thing
we need at present -
well I don't feel as if I
could write any more you
must excuse this miserable
writing for my hand is
very unsteady

Give my love to all

From Affict. Son

A. J. Brand